

SCENES IN KISHINEFF, RUSSIA, WHERE THE MASSACRE OF THE JEWS OCCURRED.

WE print some illustrations in connection with one of the most revolting massacres in history and the more revolting because it was the direct result of seventeenth century superstition and racial hatred—the Kishineff massacre in Russia, which occurred on Easter Sunday. While the Jews were celebrating with their old-time fervor the rites of the Passover, the Russians rose en masse, and with one concerted riot of fire and blood and death, slew the Jews right and left, plundered their belongings, sacked their homes and scattered their hard earned wealth. To make matters worse the local offi-

young gymnast (high school boy), heroically defended his beautiful mother, whom his father's workmen wanted to assault. He saved her honor, but the brutes pierced both of her eyes and the young hero was killed on the spot.

What impresses the Jewish press most in connection with the Kishineff atrocities is the fact that the nation responsible for permitting what The Jewish Chronicle (London) terms "a murderous bout of maddened savages," prides itself upon its orthodox Christianity.

The attempt of the Russian Government to conceal the truth from the world "is an example of moral turpi-



A STREET IN KISHINEFF'S JEWISH QUARTER AFTER THE MASSACRE OF APRIL 23.

The houses were battered as if by a bombardment of artillery, and furniture was broken and thrown out into the street. The photograph shows furniture scattered about; these are from pillows and mattresses of the looted houses, torn open by the rioters in their search for money.

cial made but a perfunctory effort to punish the murderers. Much uneasiness was felt among the Jews previous to the massacre, as sundry threats had been made and the anti-Semitic papers maintained an ominous attitude.

On Saturday night, the night preceding the outbreak, special guards were placed at the turnpike at various entrances to the city, with orders not to admit groups of men. The guardsmen later gave as an excuse that they admitted single peasants and that the night was so dark that they could not see if several came together. Between four and five o'clock in the evening the mob began to assemble on Chupruski Place. They made a halt in front of the Cafe Moskov and there made their plans and separated into various groups. The attack began simultaneously in twenty-four different places. Intelligent Russians stood at the en-

tiretude that excels, if possible, the cruelty of the murderous assault itself," thinks The Jewish American (Detroit). The Russian Minister of the Interior has been guilty of "an attempt to foist upon the defenseless Jews the blame for the horrible outrage perpetrated against them."

"If the historian or the moral philosopher seeks for an illustration of the depths of cruelty and utter shamelessness to which religious bigotry can



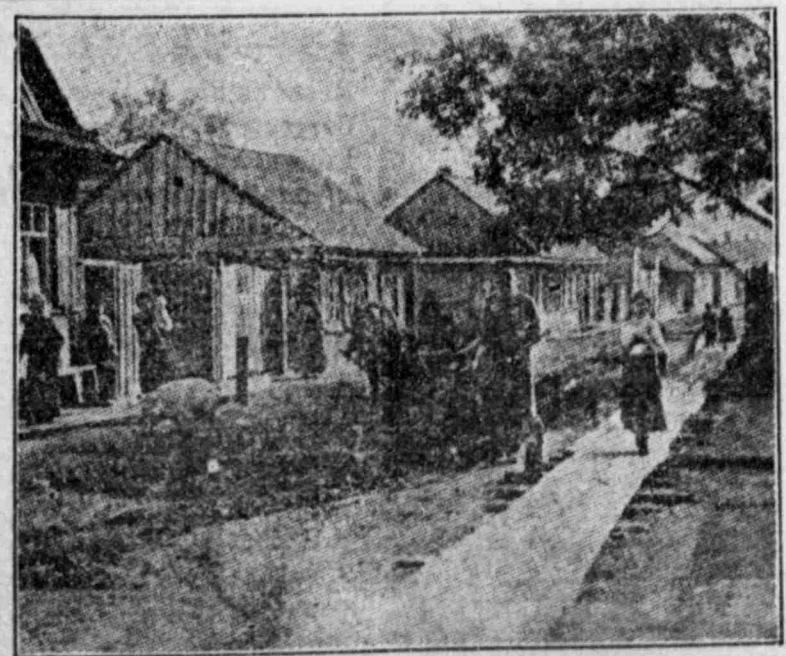
CHILDREN OF THE GHETTO.

lead a people, he will find it in the attitude of indifference assumed by Russia toward the atrocious anti-Semitic outbreak that occurred the day following Easter at Kishineff, Bessarabia. The fact that hundreds of Jews were killed outright, or brutally injured, that their homes were looted and burned down over their heads, scarcely perturbed the placidity of the Russian police officials. But now comes the official report on the whole occurrence, by the Minister of the In-



A CORNER IN THE JEWISH SLUMS.

terior, which shows on the one hand the miserable depths to which Russian bigotry has sunk the empire, and on the other the absolute consciencelessness of those in power. Attributing as he must the animus for the attack to the century-old lie that the Jews



STREET SCENE IN A POOR QUARTER.

riously brutalities were perpetrated on the second day. Some houses were visited four and five times. Laborers killed their employers. In one place a

commit 'ritual murder,' he wishes to make the world believe that the actual outbreak was caused by the mistreatment of a Christian woman by a Jew.

And the remarkable part of the matter is that many enlightened Christians outside of Russia seem ready to accept this version of the outrage without questions or comment.

Cause of Flat Wheels.

"Flat wheel," growled the old railroad brakeman, as the trolley car in which he sat went thumping along at twelve miles an hour, shaking the passengers uncomfortably at every revolution of the wheels.

"What makes flat wheels?" asked the man sitting next the old brakeman.

"Blame fools," said the brakeman. "It's this way: If a man doesn't know how to stop his car he makes a flat wheel. On the steam roads some brakemen flatten a wheel every time they put on the brakes. When the wheel suddenly stops revolving and the momentum of the train carries it on, the wheel slides along the track and a flat is started. Next stop, perhaps, makes it worse, and so the thing goes until the wheel is no good. If a brakeman knows his business he need never make a flat wheel unless he has to stop suddenly to avoid an accident. If he keeps his wheels turning slowly they don't flatten. Now these fellows on the trolleys take no care at all, and every other car in some places has a flat wheel."—New York Times.

Good Points of a House-boat.

Having passed four delightful summers in a house-boat, our family is still more enthusiastic than ever. For several seasons it has been impossible for us to take a vacation of a month or two away from business, and consequently we have been compelled to have the Wah-ta-Wah anchored in some convenient locality, where I could get to business every day.

There is no chance for bad drainage on a house-boat. No matter how hot it is on shore, you can find a cool spot on the water. One has the pleasures of boating, bathing and fishing, combined with perfect quiet, safety, privacy and independence.—Country Life in America.

How to Fool the Birds.

The birds are sometimes the most serious enemies of the sweet cherry crop, and their incursions may be prevented by the frequent use of blank



HOW THE TREES ARE SENT OUT.

cartridges, which frighten them away. In a commercial plantation the main crop may sometimes be protected by planting a few trees of very early sweet cherries throughout the orchard, which seem to satisfy the voracious appetites of the birds.—Country Life in America.

As to Shingles.

Few persons have any idea of the extent of the shingle industry. There are eight States which turn out an enormous product each year. Last year's figures were: Alabama, 267,273,000; Arkansas, 349,542,000; California, 650,000,000; Louisiana, 504,819,000; Maine, 465,862,000; Michigan, 1,926,110,000; Minnesota, 498,800,000; Pennsylvania, 389,858,000; Washington, 4,337,062,000 and Wisconsin, 994,427,000.

Looks Like a Big Drum.

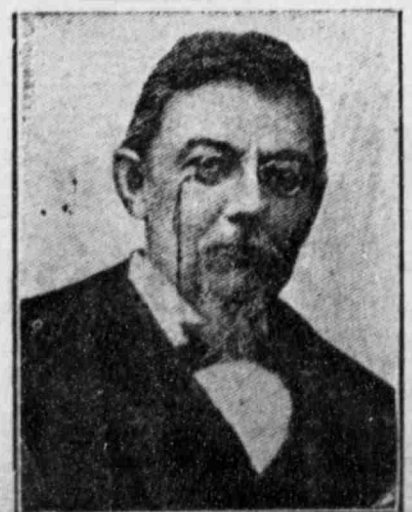
Salvation Army workers in St. Louis, says the Post-Dispatch of that city, expect shortly to receive for use in their street meetings a phonographic novelty invented by a member of the army at Springfield, Mass. This is an object resembling a big bass drum,



SALVATION ARMY PHONOGRAPH.

mounted on a carriage with pneumatic-tired wheels. In the interior of the drum is an improved phonograph, which renders sacred songs, exhortations, prayers and other services at the will of the operator, who has simply to put in and take out the different record disks.

This machine has been approved by Commander Booth-Tucker.



Governor Pennypacker, of Pennsylvania.

AS GIFTS FROM UNCLE SAM

THOUSANDS OF YOUNG TREES GIVEN AWAY BY THE GOVERNMENT.

The Department of Agriculture is busily engaged in giving away trees, distributing young seedlings broadcast all over the country.

According to the New York Herald, special attention is being paid to nut trees, with a view to encouraging the



GRAFTING.

cultivation of improved varieties of the pecan, the Persian walnut, certain other kinds of valuable walnuts from Japan and the hazel nut. As for the last-named nut (otherwise known as the filbert), which does not seem to be fully appreciated in this country, though greatly prized in Europe, no grafted seedlings are yet ready for distribution, though they are being propagated.

Uncle Sam employs the services of half a dozen "agricultural explorers,"

THE LATEST HERESY

"SWEET SEVENTEEN" NOT ALL THE POETS MAKE HER OUT TO BE—SOME THINGS WHICH MAY BE URGED AGAINST THIS MAGIC AGE OF MAIDENS.

BY some strange tradition of the poets romance has always credited about the age of sweet seventeen. Various epochs have, of course, held various ideals of beauty, but nothing is more remarkable, says H. B. Marriott Watson in the London Daily Mail, than the variation in the age of attractiveness in women, which has risen and fallen with every tide of history. It has been every noble year that is possible, from the maiden of bashful fifteen to Cleopatra, ripe and rare, of forty summers. Scarcely three generations ago, to have passed into the twenties without securing a husband was to have confessed yourself a failure; whereas now the proper age of wedlock seems bent on shifting to the further side of thirty.

Mr. Ruskin used to encourage young men in marrying as hurriedly as possible, in which case, of course, the youthful maiden would necessarily be in request. But the tendency of modern times is against the habit, and while men keep their freshness till over forty, women consider themselves girls until near thirty. There is some reason in the change, for our ancestors of bygone generations most assuredly fixed the age limit too low.

"She was past the first bloom of youth," wrote the critical novelist in those days; "she was nearly twenty." Nowadays we are becoming familiar with heroines who are grandmothers, and yet seem as newly opened buds to our delighted eyes. Beauties flourish at three-score and in and out of print, and fifty may be the prime of life.

There is, of course, an element of exaggeration in this new departure, but on the whole the change of view will help to rid a balance which has long been unduly against real maturity.

"No woman," says Du Maurier's petted beauty, "is worth looking at before thirty." To which the answer is to be enough, "Nor worth speaking to before." It is certainly impossible for any one save her coevals, to talk with "Sweet Seventeen." She is immature and she is raw, and unripeness is not to every one's taste.

She has not lost the large physical greed of childhood and will suck chocolates and eat buns by the hour—in private; while she has already developed all the vanity of the adult woman without its compensations. If she were frankly greedy it would be easy to do with her, for we might put her on the head and send her into the garden to eat apples.

But she is not. She conceals her appetite and vaults herself under the guise of adulthood which she has no right to wear. Her dresses are often long and her hair is often done up, but she remains a calf in her mind and attitude. Sweet Seventeen, indeed, is Crude Seventeen, and neither child nor woman, with the disadvantages and vices of both.

The superstition of Sweet Seventeen is as egregious as the imposture of her innocence. Sweet Seventeen is not innocent; but, on the contrary, knows a good deal more than she is given credit for. At the same time I will not deny that she is often profoundly ignorant, which is by no means the same thing as being innocent. She is naive, of course, when it suits her purpose and poses as the ingenue.

There is no measuring the untruth of Sweet Seventeen. Everything about her is a lie—her looks, which promise what they rarely achieve, her demure expression, her feint of modesty, her air of aloofness from material things, and her pretense of sympathy and interest. She cannot be really interested in anything except herself and her appearance, and she has no sympathy for any one except the bosom friend to whom she thinks she is devoted—for a week or fortnight.

The young girl has two faces or aspects of conduct, the one for her admirers and the world beyond them whence more admirers may ultimately arrive, and the other for her intimates and familiars with whom there is no need to stand on ceremony and be at the pains of pretenses and artificial cloaks. To see her with her company manners doffed is to be introduced to quite a new animal, which is, as a rule, carefully hidden from the eyes and knowledge of men.

They do not know the sort of creature that lurks, predatory, in their drawing rooms and its own boudoirs. To be quite just, she would be more dangerous if she were courageous, but she is utterly destitute of courage. Happily, the boy has not the stature of the stone man nor the young girl the spirit of the squaw. Otherwise society would come to an end.

The most provoking characteristic of the young girl is her illogical blend of sentiment and practicality. She is as bad as a Lowland Scot for that useful combination. She will calmly discuss with other young girls how many thousands a year they will consent to accept with their respective husbands, and the next day will be plunged head over heels in passionate affection for a popular actor, or a popular soldier, who has not and does not want one.

For these heroes of the public eye she will sigh like a furnace, and will extravagantly collect their photographs or autographs with a persistency worthy of a better cause; but that will not prevent her later in the day from ogling some one with a comfortable income and a reputation for family diamonds.

The only explanation of this inconsistency at which I can arrive is that her knowledge is all parrot knowledge and means nothing. She has about as much power of realizing life as a hen, and about as much feeling for it. She has a convenient knack, too, of sheering off when she does not want to face facts. There are corners into which nothing will induce her to look for fear she should understand. "Horrid" is her last degree of condemnation, and what she does not know or cannot understand is always "horrid."

This thin-witted, elusive, giddy and treacherous creature is what has been picked out by poetical license for the care and heart of romance, for the

ideal of youth, beauty and goodness. We are always the martyrs of our traditions, and how many have gone to the stake for this one! The young girl has no mind, has no logic, and has no humor; she is greedy, vain, cowardly and false. Surely this is a sufficient indictment.

But there is one plea on which perhaps we may all forgive and excuse her, for from this tadpole is evolved in the due course of nature the finished woman, adult and responsible, with all her defects and her virtues, and, at any rate, with a charm and character of her own.



Germany has built the finest, fastest vessels afloat, although she is not so graphically a maritime country, and no other country is so largely dependent on others for the raw material which enters into the making of a ship.

Near Leeds, England, is a summer house made wholly of buttons of every imaginable kind, and in the same country is a room, the walls of which are adorned entirely by the ribbons of cigars, nearly 20,000 of these being represented.

At Liscard, in Cheshire, England, is a room that contains hundreds of picture frames made of every imaginable substance, from leather to tigers' bones, one frame being placed within another, according to size, so that the whole surface is covered with frames.

A duel on bicycles was recently fought in Paris. The two combatants were placed fifty yards apart and then ordered to charge. They rode at one another at a furious pace, but overshoot the mark and failed to meet. Wheeling quickly round, they returned to the charge, and this time came together with a terrific shock. Both were thrown, while the seconds, who were following behind, also on bicycles, fell in their turn, and both were injured. Neither of the combatants touched the other with his sword, but in falling one ran his weapon into himself and his opponent injured his leg.

A naturalist, while visiting Great Sangir, one of those islands of the Indian Ocean, known as the Celebes, or Spice Islands, found a curious time recorder lodged at the house of a rajah. Two bottles were firmly lashed together and fixed in a wooden frame. A quantity of black sand ran from one bottle into the other in just half an hour, and when the upper bottle was empty the frame was reversed. Twelve short sticks, marked with notches from one to twelve, were hung upon a string. A hook was placed between the stick bearing the number of notches corresponding to the hour last struck and the one to be struck next. The sentry announced the time by striking the hours on a large gong.

When the natives of Paraguay drink tea they do not pour it from a tea-pot into a cup, but fill a gourd made out of a pumpkin or gourd, and then suck up the hot liquid through a long reed. Moreover, the tea which they use is entirely different from that which comes from China, being made out of the dried and roasted leaves of a palm-like plant which grows in Paraguay and Southern Brazil. The natives say that this tea is an excellent remedy for fever and rheumatism, and chemical tests which have been made by German physicians seem to show that there is good ground for this statement. Certain it is that tea is widely used throughout Paraguay in cases of illness, and that, so far as it has been observed, the effects produced by it are highly beneficial.

The Diseases of Animals.

The diseases of animals are classified now almost as accurately as those which afflict mankind. Fortunately they are fewer in number, are less malignant and respond quicker to intelligent treatment. On the other hand, it is a noticeable fact that the number of animal diseases is increasing among our domestic and captive creatures. In other words, the tendency of diseases to multiply in modern civilized communities is also noticeable among the animals. This is due partly to the artificial conditions under which both live. If it were not for man's intelligence in devising means of suppressing the spread of new diseases the human race would long since have been swept off the earth by great world-wide epidemics. Likewise our household animals and captive wild creatures would gradually succumb to the new cage diseases and dwindle down in numbers. It is by keeping pace with the progress of diseases and epidemics among the captive animals that man is enabled to check the destructive effects of this artificial life, and even to protect the animals better than when running wild in captivity. Indeed, the cage animals, instead of finding their lives shortened, have actually better prospects of a long life. Their longevity is steadily on the increase, especially among the smaller animals, which in the forest are subject to the constant prey of the larger and fiercer creatures.—New York Times.

Farewell Result of Duels.

Duelling still flourishes on the continent, but, although one occasionally hears of a fatal result, there is far more comedy than tragedy in the so-called affairs d'honneur of the present day. Nothing could have been more farcical than the Derouille-Butet affair, in which, it will be remembered, each party, while loudly proclaiming his intention to fight to the death, took every possible care to avoid the other. The duel between Count Boni de Castellane and M. de Rodays, director of the Figaro, is another recent instance. It is said that considerable astonishment was expressed when it was found that the journalist had been wounded. Such an outcome of the fight was unlooked for, and when it is considered that the bullets used by French combatants are generally faked, little surprise need be expressed at the farcical termination to so many duels.—Tid-Bits.

Fish That Do Not Fear.

In rare instances fish appear to be without fear. This was particularly noticeable in the case of several trunk fishes which I found on the Florida reef in an old coral head of large size. At low tide I could reach from my boat nearly to the bottom of the head by bending over, and in attempting to dislodge some gorgonias which were clinging to the coral I was surprised to see several of the little armored fishes swim up to my hand and permit me to touch them—an act which I often repeated. The mullet is very tame. I have often stood knee-deep in the outer reef and had large schools of about me within eight or ten feet, and even when I moved along they were not alarmed. This sociability explains the possibility of taking them with the cast net.—Scientific American.

WHAT DID HE DO THEN?

The "Problem Story" That Has Taken the Attention of Some Club Women.

"Problem stories" are still rare and popular among those clever Chicago club women who enjoy sharpening their already keen wits upon hard or perplexing questions. Never a "club luncheon," an informal gathering of any kind, or one of the "after club" sessions that are always so enjoyable and pleasant takes place without three or four of these stories being presented. Here is a particularly good and puzzling "problem story" for which, as yet, no feminine solution has been found.

A certain man, of marked business ability and equally marked business integrity, had been persuaded by a trusted friend to purchase heavily of certain stocks. After he had signed the agreement to take the stocks, but while they were still unpaid for, he happened to attend the theatre. Leaving, he somehow managed to slip on the coat of an unknown neighbor, instead of his own. Going home in a car, he desired to read over a letter from the friend who had persuaded him to purchase the stocks, and, taking this letter, as he supposed, from the pocket in which he had previously placed it, he opened it and ran his eye casually over the first page before he realized that, while in his friend's handwriting, this letter was not addressed to or intended for him.

He caught sight of some reference to the lately purchased stocks, however, and, unable to resist the temptation to see what was said of them, read the letter through.

To his horror and dismay the man to whom the letter was written was strongly warned against buying any of the stocks in which the writer of the letter had induced the inadvertent reader to invest so largely. The inadvertent reader was still further horrified to find in what a direful predicament he was now placed.

If he retained and paid for the stocks in question he undoubtedly, according to the information conveyed in the letter, allowed himself to be heavily "sold." If, on the contrary, he refused to take these stocks he must explain how and where he had obtained the information that had caused him to change his opinion—a circumstance particularly abhorrent to the man whose proud boast had long been that he had never yet found it necessary to divorce his ideas of business and personal honor, that he had never stooped to a low or dishonorable thing. All the circumstances and conditions of the case, financial and otherwise, had been fully discussed before the agreement to purchase the stocks was signed. There was no way of open or honorable retreat for him, and yet, to lose, as he now knew he must, if the stocks were retained, would set him back a long term of years financially and undo the clever, honest, painstaking work of many months.

Problem: What did he do?

The Giant Squid.

One of the most remarkable as well as gigantic animals of the deep sea is the giant squid—a favorite tidbit of the sperm whale. The size to which these animals grow, their strength and their hideous appearance places them on a par with many of the weird and grotesque creatures of a past age. The squid undoubtedly attains a length of nearly, if not over, 100 feet, and pieces have been taken from the stomach of whales which suggested animals far beyond this size.

No more hideous creature can be imagined. The body is barrel-shaped, the tail like an arrow head, the eyes as large as saucers, black and white, hypnotic and staring. The arms are attached to the head and are ten in number, from ten to twenty feet long in extremely large animals, while two are from thirty to fifty feet in length, depending upon the size of the individual. The short arms are provided with extraordinary suckers their entire length. The two long ones have them only at the extremities, and they form virtually a pair of pincers, which are shot out thirty or more feet like a flash of light to seize unsuspecting prey, which is then hauled among the shorter arms and held powerless to escape. The mouth is small, but is provided with two large, parrot-like beaks. This weird creature, weighing tons, with a power of changing its color like a chameleon, and in some species luminous, lives in deep fjord-like bays and probably in the deeper regions of the ocean, as it is rarely seen except when it is wounded.

Artificial Limbs For Animals.

Progress in the work of making artificial appliances for injured animals is now particularly noticeable. It is believed that in a short time horses or other animals which break their legs will not have to be sacrificed, but that by a system of treatment with molds and leg appliances the injured limbs can be permanently cured. To make the animals as comfortable as possible during the process of the bone knitting together, harness rigs are arranged which enable the creatures to rest without being cramped. Indeed, the animals are fully as comfortable as a human being who has met with the same accident and has to have the limb set. In the case of very expensive animals this work is almost imperative, and its application to less valuable creatures will only be a matter of time in the near future. The hospital appliances for animals are to-day almost as elaborate and perfect as those which are prepared for human patients.—New York Times.

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